He Has a Chance to Show What Stuff

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He Is Made of.

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No. XXVI.

The veteran soldiers had already learned to give themselves over to rest and sleep under any and all circumstances, whenever opportunity was offered, with little thought for the morrow. Few of the new troops, on the eve of such a momentous struggle, amid the excitement of the hour, were able to calm their thoughts to such a degree that slumber came to their eyelids.

Under orders to be ready to spring to their feet in an instant, the men had thrown themselves down without removing their shoes, or even unclasping their cartridge-belts. Each had his musket beside him, and lay with ears strained to catch the slighest sound of alarm. The night was cold. There was a keen and nipping air, and a covering of white frost gradually spread itself over the blankets, as the men lay upon the ground, with nothing between them and the stars above that winked responsive to their wakeful eyes.

Shorty would probably have slept fairly well If his "pard" had permitted him to do so. But Bi fidgeted and shivered with the cold, turned from side to side, and kept pulling off the blanket from his dozing comrade.

"Wish ye'd lie still 'n' let a feller sleep!" growled Shorty. "Ye'll have 'nough to do termorrer 'n' ye better keep quiet while ye've "I'd like ter do it, pard," said Si, "jest ter 'commodate ye, but I'm thinkin' 'bout the fight

we're going to have; 'n' 'bout mother 'n' sister Marier; 'n' --- 'n' --- all the rest o' the folks. I jest can't help it, Shorty!" "Aint weakenin', ar' ye, Si?"
"Not by a jug full. I aint goin' ter do any

braggin', bat I tell ye I'll jest die 'n my tracks fore I'll show the white feather. That shell bustin' under the rails to-day would ha' skeered old Gin'ral Jackson hisself for a minit, but ye know it didn't take us long ter git over it. I'm gittin' myself braced up big fer what's

"Wall," said Shorty, "you jest keep on bracin' yerself up while I git 'nother little cat-nap." Shorty dropped off into another doze while Si lay with his eyes wide open, looking up at the stars, and wondering how he would act when he get into the battle. He knew his intentions were good, only so he did not lose conto see if he had forgotten it. He promised scene, as he was soon to view it.

crack of a musket on the picket-line rang out | gage the enemy. charply in the clear night air. "D'ye hear that, Shorty?" he said, as he pudged him with his elbow.

to their feet. Whole battalions arose as if by strung to its utmost tension, bring no such crumagic, and in a moment were standing in | cial trial as the throbbing emotions that immeserried lines. It was a false alarm, and after a diately precede the clash of arms. time the soldiers lay down again to wait for the | To Si and Shorty it was no occasion for

would have filled a volume. He longed for passed, and, they became accustomed to such the day, although his feelings were not unmingled with a vague dread of what that even mirthful, on occasion, in the presence of day must bring to many, and perhaps to him. | death in its most hideous forms, but not now. He wanted the battle to come on, and yet he | These were solemn moments, when the wonted would be glad when it was over. "Wake up, men! Fall in promptly!"

Long before the dull, gray dawn of that December morning—the last day of the year 1862 -the Orderly of Company Q, 200th Indiana, check? Let him who would answer yea first passed quietly along the line, here and there be sure that his own eyes would not moisten at touching a prostrate form, and uttering these



"WAKE UP, MEN-FALL IN!"

words of command in those low, suppressed tones that always awakened the soundest | next command. . sleeper. There was no blast of bugle or twang of drum, for the solid battalions of the enemy, alert and vigilant, lay but a short distance army was preparing to spring like a tiger upon

When the Orderly aroused the company Si and Shorty obeyed the summons with alacrity. Rolling up their blankets they threw them over their shoulders, took their places in line, and were ready for the duties before them, what-ever they might be. Until daylight the 200th Indiana stood in battle array. To the right and left, in long lines, stretched regiments and brigades and divisions. Batteries were in position, with every man at his post. Cavalrymen and general officers and their staffs stood beside their saddled horses ready to spring into their

At length the darkness melted away and the dawn appeared. When it was fairly light the soldiers were allowed to break ranks and partake of a hasty breakfast. Orderlies and staff officers dashed hither and thither with orders for the movement soon to begin. Few of the men were able to procure the luxury of a draft of coffee, for the time was short and the command to fall in was momentarily expected. Details were sent to fill the canteens with water. This would be needed, and no other opportunity might be afforded.

Si and Shorty, sitting upon the ground with all their equipments on, ate with a keen relish their hardtack and uncooked bacon. Si's heart beat with anxious expectation when he heard now and then a distant shot, and saw on every band the constantly increasing activity in the rammers, and caps are put upon the nipples. work of preparation.

"Wonder which side 's goin' ter pitch in first?" he said to Shorty.

"The ossifers don't tell them 't carries the couragement and cheer. He tells them that he muskets what they're goin' ter do. We jest knows every man will do his duty, and that have ter 'bey orders 'n trust ter luck. Looks | the flag of the 200th Indiana will come out un-'s if Bragg 'n' Old Rosey was each of 'em stan'in' stained, except by the blood, if need be, of its with a chip on his shoulder, 'n' a-darin' t'other | defenders. The men shout in response. to knock it off!"

One of the chips was soon knocked off, and it was Bragg that did it. While the dispositions excitement. Eyes are kindling with animation. were being made for an attack by the Union | "Battalion! Shoulder - Arms! Rightarmy, the storm burst with the suddenness of a Face! Right shoulder shift-Arms! Forward thunderbolt. From the thick cedars away to | -Double-quick-March!" the right there came the loud boom of artillery and the "long roll" of musketry volleys. of his horse and dashes ahead. The soldiers Louder and louder grew the noise of battle, as follow on the run. On and on they go, toward

the attack extended along the line. . "That's the music ye've been so mighty anxious to hear," said Shorty to Corporal Klegg, | nigh fatal blow. On, through the wild confusas the 200th Indiana stood in line awaiting

orders to go in. "How d'ye like it?" "I haint got the hang o' the tune yet," plied Si; "tell ye better arter a while."

man who has heard it can ever forget—Si clenched his teeth and seized his musket with chaos; and demoralized stragglers who have a firmer grip. His cheek lost for the time some of its ruddy glow, and it must not be put down to his discredit if his fingers were a little

Ah! here are ambulances freighted with the shaky. He struggled hard to conceal all mangled and dying. Others are being borne

bling hands and hear the beating of his heart. | before. They gaze upon the pallid faces and But, although Si did not realize the fact, he was secure from observation. Like himself, each of his comrades had as much on his mind as he could comfortably attend to, and was entirely occupied with his own thoughts and feelings, without bestowing any attention upon the mental or physical sensations of anybody

Si was determined to be, and he was, brave. The blanched cheek and quivering limbs were not signs of cowardice. At that moment he would have charged upon a line of bristling bayonets, or leaped over the parapet of a hostile fort, into the very smoke and fire of the enemey's guns. He was simply going through the struggle, that every soldier experienced, between his moral and physical natures. The instinct of the latter at such a time-and what old soldier does not know it?-was to seek a place of safety, and do it at once. To fully subdue this feeling by the power of the will was not, in most cases, as easy a matter as might be imagined by those who have never been called upon to "face the music." Some there were who never could do it.

Shorty, older and less excitable by nature,

symptoms of weakness. He was afraid Shorty from the field upon stretchers. The men of and the rest of the boys would see his trem- | the 200th have never looked on such scenes bleeding forms of war's victims. There is an involuntary shudder, and a shrinking from the Dissolving Views of the War Photoagonizing spectacle. But it is only for an instant, and they press forward.

Hurrying past them go hundreds of brave men with blood streaming from their faces, or flowing from pierced limbs and bodies, but yet able to make their way to the rear in quest of aid to stanch their wounds. How tenderly they help one another in their hour of need. See that soldier with an arm hanging broken and helpless, supporting with the other a comrade who hobbles with a shattered leg. Here is another, limping painfully, but leading carefully along one whom blood and grime and smoke have for the time made sightless. With what glad shouts of welcome these maimed and bleeding heroes, whose breasts are

yet heaving with the emotions of the conflict, greet the fresh, stalwart men of the 200th, pushing toward the front! "How's it goin'?" asks Si Klegg of one of

"It's mighty hot in there!" is the reply.

"The boys are hangin' on, but they need ye

bad. The woods is full o' Johnnies, but we're took things rather more coolly than Si. Al- | goin' to lick 'em!'

THEY HAD NEVER LOOKED UPON SUCH SCENES BEFORE.

though he had never seen a battle, he had | "Go for 'em!" shouts another, "Give 'em the trol of himself. Hitherto he had never im- heard and thought enough about it to have a best ye've got in the shop! agined a bullet was going to hit him, but now that he was brought face to face with the awful reality, he could not help wondering if he would be killed or wounded; and then how bad his mether and Annabel would feel. He beat had thought enough about it to have a feet was going to hit his head that to have a feet was going to hit his him, but now tolerably definite idea of its character, and was, bis beginning to part for breath, from the long double-quick, but he had rather a cannon-ball would take off his head than that he should used to be about Sourmash Place in Summer that it was about to become a reality to him. Si had never gone as customary a sound about the carried and invigorated. The brain long double-quick, but he had rather a cannon-ball would take off his head than that he should used to be about Sourmash Place in Summer ball would take off his was busy a general way that in a great battle many men dealing out hurts, wherever he dared hurt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla thought, too, of Shorty, and wondered if he were killed, and many more were wounded, but he thought only of the excitement, and the sound get through all right. He would almost so soon be hit himself as to less Shorty. Then Si thought over all his past life, and hoped he solder, and felt that it was estimated to succor the reeling line.

When drunk he beat and kicked horses, mules when drunk he beat and kicked horses, mules and men merely to show that he was set in aughor of heroic deeds for his country. He had enlisted to be a soldier, and felt that it was estimated to succor the reeling line.

On and yet on! The rattle of musketry beard through all right. He would almost but he thought only of the excitement, and the grant way that he grant better many her would almost but he thought only of the excitement, and the grant way that he grant better many her would almost but he thought only of the excitement, and the grant way that he grant better many her would almost but he thought only of the excitement, and the grant way that he grant better many her would almost. When drunk he beat and kicked horses, mules and men merely to show that he was set in aughor of heroic deeds for his country. He had enlisted to be a soldier, and felt that it was estimated to succor the reeling line.

On and yet on! The rattle of musketry beat way that he grant repeated the "Now I lay me" to himself, just | the picture at all, it fell far short of the actual | bullets is heard.

himself that if he got out of this fight he | At this time Si was passing through the would never crawl under the Sutler's tent | most trying moments of a soldier's life. Stand- awful storm. They begin to see the bodies of again, nor steal anything from the Colonel's | ing in his place, holding his musket in a tightmess-chest, nor play chuck-a-luck, nor swear. | ening grasp, listening to the sound of battle that As to the last he could not avoid a mental reser- came nearer, and nearer, looking at the smoke vation, in case he was detailed again to drive a | that circled above the trees, he awaited, with a suspense that language cannot portray, the As Si lay thinking over all these things the | word of command for the 200th Indiana to en-

The volley that reaps its ghastly harvest, the charge amidst shouts of wild excitement, the Si and Shorty seized their guns and sprang every nerve and fiber of mind and body is

hilarity; and, indeed, this feeling pervaded the It was a weary night to Si. His thoughts entire regiment. As months and years sound of laughter was hushed, and it seemed that a jest would be sacrilege.

Was it a lack of manliness in our young friend Si that he wiped a tear or two from his such a time, as there sweeps through his mind the rushing tide of hopes and fears and patriotic devotion and thoughts of life and far-off loved ones. The brave man has a true and tender heart. Tears are not cowardly nor un-

"Shorty," said Si-and his voice was low and tremulous-"I b'leive in the good Lord 't the dead, lying torn and mangled, upon the mother used ter teach me ter pray to. I'm ground. They instinctively turn their eyes afeard you 'n' me has kinder lost our grip on away, appalled at the sight. such things, 'n' don't desarve very much, but mebbe He'll be good to both on us to-day. I hope He'll give us lots of sand to stand up to 't; I keer more 'bout that 'n I do 'bout the other. I'm willin' ter die-'f I have to-but I don't want ter be no coward. If you see me with my back to the rebs ye'll do me the biggest kind of a favor by jest puttin' a bullet through my head. And, Shorty, if I should be killed, 'n' you git home all right, you'll tell mother that I

A staff officer comes galloping up and delivers a hasty message to the Colonel of the 200th. "There!" he says, indicating with outstretched arm the point where the combat seems to be ground. raging with the greatest fury. Every man in the ranks knows what that order is, and instinctively straightens up. Every face bears the impress of a determination to obey the call of duty. The Colonel springs into the saddle and his words ring out sharp and clear: "Attention-Battalion!"

The order is scarcely necessary, for the soldiers have already dressed the line and stand with the magic touch of elbows, waiting for the

"Load at will-Load!" Hands fly to cartridge-boxes, teeth tear away the paper, powder and ball are charged into the gway. They, too, were astir betimes, for each | muzzles. See the rammers leap from their sockets, and how they ring as the bullets are



rammed home! Back to their places go the All this is but the work of a moment. The

regiment is ready to meet the enemy. While the men are loading the Colonel rides "Dunno nothin' 'bout it," was the reply. up and down the line, uttering words of en-Already the tremor of hands is gone. The

pallor of face has given way to the flush of

of her own offspring." those historic cedars upon the right, where the enemy in the early morning delivered his wellion that always reigns supreme in the rear of an army staggering under such a blow. Still on goes the 200th, threading its way

badn't been very wicked. He ran over in his sential to his development in that, sphere of screaming through the air and bursts over the mind some of the scripture verses he had patriotic usefulness that he must do some burrying column. The fragments hurtle on learned in Sunday School when a lad, and even fighting. If his imagination had ever drawn every side. The droning buzz of well-spent "Steady, men! Steady!" exclaim the offi-

cers. They have just reached the edge of the



"STEADY, MEN, STEADY!".

It requires little effort to display magnifi-

cent courage a hundred miles away from the scene of carnage, with, perhaps, no prospect is nothing about them like that which has that the distance will ever be lessened between made groves of hardwoods agreeable themes for this. Humiliated and sad the Kunnel and his the battlefield and him who talks so grandly of the poet and the painter and the romance- faithful Majah found what comfort they could capturing batteries and sweeping away the teller. I am sure that there never could be an blazing battalions of the foe. It is a very dif- "As You Like It" or "A Midsummer Night's ferent thing when a man is brought face to Dream" enacted among the pines. They show face with the question of keeping his toes from turning around and pointing the wrong way, the deafening roar of conflict, while swift and deadly missiles fill the air, and the bodies of tating fear from covert to covert. There are his fast-falling comrades thickly strew the only rigid trunks and dense masses of unlovely Still on, and the bullets begin their fatal

kind of stuff you are made of!

The 6th Mass. Celebrate. The surviving veterans of the old Massachu- if it be high. New York city, and others.

Squirrels Adopted by a Cat.

told him to give it to the cat, as it was dead. The cat picked it up, carried it to her bed and kept it warm until it came to life. She seemed to think so much of it that they gave were her own kittens.

Valuable Trotters Sold. sales of noted trotting horses were made. The fourth heat, sired by Strathmore, dam by Mambrino Patchen, was purchased by Mr. A. C. Beckwith, of Wyoming Territory, from R. G. Stoner, of Paris, Ky., for \$5,000. The bay stallion Wilkes Sprague, four years old, by Gov. Sprague, dam by George Wilkes, was sold by J. B. Payne, of that city, to B. H. Neale, of Richmond, Ky., for \$2,000.

A Story of Five Young Foxes. The Washington Ga. Chronicle of a recent date tells the following remarkable story: Peter Ware captured five young foxes about three weeks ago whose eyes had not opened, and was puzzled to know how to raise them. He finally decided to let a dog, whose pupples were about the same age, take charge of the motherless family, and bring them up in the way they should go. He killed the puppies and turned the foxes over to their new mother, who received them very kindly. The little foxes are now nearly three weeks old, and the mother seems to be as fond of them as she was

Geographical Item. Texas Siftings. A foud husband was monkeying around the cook, who said, indignantly:
"Go way wid yer. I heard yez tell yer ould

woman the other day that she was all the wurld to yez."
"That's so, Biddy, but you know there are through the struggling mass of teams smarting | two worlds-the old world and the new world. As he listened to that terrible roar-that no | under the lash of yelling, half-crazed drivers; You are the new world."

REMINISCENCES

ARMY MULE.

graphed From the Rear.

A REBEL CAMP.

The Misery of Winter on the Mountain Top.

GANNAWAY ARRIVES.

A Raid on the Yankees Organized and Started.

BY JOHN M'ELEOY. Author of "Andersonville," "A File of Infantry-The Red Acorn," etc., etc.

> [COPYRIGHT 1886.] CHAPTER XI.

IN THE REBEL CAMP AT POSSUM SNOUT. It is very mournful to recall the amount of deterioration My moral nature suffered during My stay in the rebel camp at Possum Snout, on Churn Creek, whither the Kunnel had been ordered by his superiors, who were offended at

The associations into which I was forced were such as could not help being frightfully injurious to an impressible and active-minded young Mule in the Springtime of life. I hold that no one can associate with an army muledriver without grave damage to his morals. I state only a well-recognized fact when I assert that the teamsters on the rebel side were much worse than those on the Union, and I know that Yallerhammer Atkins was as much worse than the worst of them as the eggs which have spent their month of probation in the corner greecry are worse than those which the woman from the country has just brought in. A limited amount of brief authority and an unlimited smount of bad whisky, with abundant leisure in which to drink it, had developed all the Hood's Sarsaparilla. The blood is purified, en- general debility. I was run down, ate hardly anypassive badness in the fellow's nature into the riched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of thing, and hardly dared go out on the street alone active form, and lashed whatever had been active before into malignancy. His outbursts strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys parilla has done me a wonderful amount of good, of profanity became as customary a sound about and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain as I am now in good health again. My appetite has

dealing out horts, wherever he dared hurt. sober he kicked, clubbed and whipped, because he wanted every living thing around him to be as miserable as he was.

Me, however, he spared most of these little attentions. After I had resented some of his abuse of Jimson by catching his shock of lank hair in My teeth and nearly scalping him, he been hastily and clumsily put up, by men who length. began to realize that I was nearly as dangerous worked unwillingly as laborers, and was, as the at one cud as the other, and thereafter his Kunnel expressed it, "not so good or comfort- Kektale played his cands so well at headquahill-treatment of Me was mainly confined to vollies of oaths and clubs hurled from beyond the range of My heels and teeth. My chief sorrow was for Jimson. He was

of life, when he was made up mainly of hands, feet, mouth, appetite, and unlimited clumsiness. All these were so many ways by which taken down on cold nights to add to the bed-opportunity." Atkins could make him miserable, and My one clothes, the headquarters were as exposed to true friend was continually under the harrow of adversity. So long as the breath of life continues to dis-

tend My lungs, I shall remember with a shudder the miseries of that Winter encampment of the rebels at Possum Snout. The camp was located in a grove of pines, on a hill which was swept around the base by a stream of water. Its powhisky barrel stood on the top of this erection, I hurried on heah expecting to find a fo'ce suf
Worthy lost no time in beginning the job anew.

After hours of this sort of thing I was again. sition was admirable from a defensive point of and completed the chimney. In one corner of ficient to make a raid, upon them, drive them mortified by the discovery that there were view, and this is the only one that it can be the room was the Kunnel's bed, which was out, and inflict such injury upon them that limits even to My powers of resistance, and Did you ever have the chill hand of wretched-

ness impress upon you the somber misery there | this stout poles the other ends of which rested | can be in a camp in Winter time among the pines on top of a Kentucky mountain?

Well, then, the fairies have been very good to you, and you can bless yourself that you have escaped one haunting memory of sorrow. Even in its best aspects there is nothing in a pine forest of the genial kindliness of groves of the noble hardwoods. The pines drop no nutritious acorns - no rich-meated nuts. No pleasant fruits ripen among their stiff, sharp needies. They shower no soft and fragrant leaves to make a russet coat for Mother Earth. The soil at their feet is not the rich mold that wraps the roots of the oak, hickory, beech and chestnut, but a sterile, inhospitable sand. There no agreeable alternation of sunlight and shadow, have no rustling leaves, nor fragrant underas he moves into the vortex of death, amidst | growth; no squirrels dance along their resinous boughs, nor cotton-tailed rabbit run in palpigreen, through which, here and there, protrude dead limbs, whose nakedness has a sickening work. Now, Corporal Klegg, we shall see what likeness to skeletons. Through these the wind sighs with a soul-depressing sadness, if it be low, or shricks like lost spirits

"Horsed on the sightless couriers of the air,"

setts 6th met at Lowell, Mass., on the 19th, to | Summer or Winter the pines give none of the commemorate the 25th anniversary of the regi- | kindly shelter to be found under the branches ment's famous passage through Baltimore. The of the hardwood trees, but seem to shed the showers into the chill discomfort of early tle, more than made good the disability of his city was gaily decorated. At the close of its rain and the sleet more directly upon the un- Spring. business session the regimental association es- happy creatures crouching below them. Campcorted Gens. Butler, Banks and other guests | fires built of the hardwoods send up a stimufrom the station to Huntington Hall, where a lating, grateful odor that pleases the nostrils of banquet was spread. Speeches were made by all who come within smelling distance of the Mayor Abbott, Lieut.-Gov. Edward F. Jones, of camp. The blazing log-heaps throw out a Central Kentucky in the presumed direction of weapons that he could find. New York, who commanded the 6th in Balti- strong, steady heat, and burn down into masses more; Gen. Banks and Col. B. F. Watson, of of glowing coals that would almost melt iron. Campfires of pine logs diffuse a weak, uncertain warmth; they struggle feebly with the wind and the rain, and their weak coals fall A story comes from Fayetteville, Ga., to the | quickly into ashes as light and insubstantial | for bringing the greatest amount o' misery to effect that a cat belonging to a Mr. Dickson as flower-pollen. Who that ever camped among the most people. I'm as sick o' the whole busihas taken some young squirrels and nurses the pines fails to remember the sickish, penethem like kittens. Some of the hands on the trating, turpentiny odor of the fires which

ton. Next morning one of the squirrels as the memory of the degradation and wretchseemed to be near dead. The boy's mother edness of that Winter camp at Possum Snout. nothing; but that's just what it seems to me

"I'm heah, sah." No matter what comes to Me, there are few days that go by without something recalling that wallow of misery. I recall the gaunt, seemed to think so much of it that they gave longbaired, ungainly soldiery, made still more her the rest. She keeps all four as if they unattractive by their coarse, ill-fitting clothing, and the absence of all desire for personal cleanliness. I recall their shiftless attempts to make shelters for themselves out of such rude mate-At Lexington, Ky., on the 15th, the following rials as were at hand, in marked contrast with ales of noted trotting horses were made. The the ingenuity displayed by Union soldiers unfive-year-old bay stallion Bedford, record 2:30 in | der like circumstances; I recall their coarse cookery of their rations of cornmeal and bacon in clumsy cast-iron skillets and spiders; I recall their lazy lounging around the fires, day and night, until the soot covered all the visible parts of their faces and bodies with a thick coating of lampblack; I recall the vermin that infested them; I recall their witless jokes and clownish horse-play; their brutal fights among themselves; their bestializing themselves at "At t every opportunity with fiery new whisky; Jasmin's 'Penelope' as much as any ho'se I their dying off like sheep with the rot, from measles, whooping-cough, mumps, and other diseases of childhood. I recall the forays they used to make on the surrounding country, returning with prisoners, plunder, and whisky, when the succeeding nights would be made hideous with yelling, fighting, drunken orgies, which always sent more corpses to the dismal little graveyard on the side of the hill, where the dead were thrust underground without ceremony, and without anything more than a piece of rail or a bit of box-lid to mark the resting place of what had once been a man.

I have overheard many people lamenting over My sad condition since I have been engaged as a propelling medium for a bob-tail passenger car. I admit that it is a descent in life from the high ideal of My youthful days, but for the sake of comparison I will say that the most comfortless street-car stables I was | Crittenden Gannaway, who showed by a reducever forced into were a lady's boudoir compared to the camp at Possum Snout, and the most | how much he was suffering from his wounds. brutal driver that ever "knocked down" a He raised his hat and bowed in acknowledg- the sage remark that the best time to set a hen



Vigor and Vitality "I was in bad condition with fainting spells and

Are quickly given to every part of the body by [disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and for fear of having a fainting spell. Hood's Sarsais refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for been good ever since taking the medicine, and I

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C.

The Kunnel and the Majah occupied a rude log-cabin in the center of the camp. It had able as the poorest cawn-crib on Sourmash | tehs that he got obdehed away on detached | thrown lariats caught each of My four feet and Place." The spaces between the logs had not service with neably all the good men in the lashed them immovably to convenient saplings. been "chunked and daubed," as the phrase is regiment, and I was sent heah to command this Thus securely bound, the work of strapping the for this rude masonry, and the only obstacle to collection of shirks, sick men and skedaddlers. howitzer on My back was begun. Like the shooting up through that hobbledehoy period the wind and the rain coming through the It's a shameful outrage—an affront, sah, fo' wild ass of the desert I filled My stomach with openings were the saddle-blankets and coats | which I shall hold Bob Koktale pussonally re- the east wind and made My sides as rigid as hung up against the wall. As these had to be sponsible-I shall, indeed, sah, at the very first | those of a steam boiler. Then, when Atkins

> and covered inside and out with a thick "daubthe proper distance from each wall, laying on future." on the logs of the walls, and then on these leaves did duty for a bed-tick, and the Kunnel clear conscience and the twinges of rheumaand in the center was a rude table, con- and destroying my property in revenge." structed in the same primitive way, with forked sticks driven in the ground, poles, and split boards, which did duty as a desk, a card-

table, and a dining-table. Moral depression that could be felt by the The ordering of the former to Possum Snout drink-and certainly no harder drink than anything? We might possibly get togetheh the new whisky which was all that was within | enough men to make a raid, but there are Yanreach of Possum Snout ever cracked a Ken- kee troops on every one of the main roads, and

tucky gentleman's throat. "Making a steady drink of this infernal white-face," said the Majah, one day, as he set from his bleared eyes, "degrades a gentleman's country well enough to dash across it through whole nature—indeed it does, sah—until he byroads, strike the Yankees at Sourmash a discharges. line o' the family wash. I shan't feel any re- can come down upon us." spect fo' myself until I've thoroughly renovated my system with a co'se o' hand-made, fire-distilled souah-mash. I tell yo' that fo'

At last, after what seems now an eternity,

the mountain, gazing abstractedly off into mounted and armed with the best horses and Sourmash Place. I overheard him soliloquizing In the camp was a small howitzer made for human being within earshot, after this fashion: "The conviction fo'ces itself upon me that this wah 's nothing mo'n an ill-starred device ness as even a man could be sick of anything. Fo' the life o' me I can't see wheh I'm to be place cut down a tree in which was a nest of squirrels. They caught four little ones and squirrels. They caught four little ones and that he experienced? gave them to Mr. Dickson's little boy, who kept them in a wire cage all night in some cothas burned itself so ineffaceably into My mind kept them in a wire cage all night in some cothas burned itself so ineffaceably into My mind already. Nobody but a foot sits into a game as a six-poundeh, and we can take it whereveh as a six-poundeh, and we

> let any grass grow undeh my feet until I did it. I wouln't, fo' a fact." His seat commanded an excellent view of a long stretch of the road winding up the mountain side from the lower country. One after- | sah. noon I saw him suddenly straighten up and scan something on the road with eager interest. "Majah, come heah, please," he called out. "The Majah, whose activity was being sadly undermined by the exposure and the cumulative effects of bad whisky, waddled painfully

I've gone and done. If I could see some honor-

able way o' getting out o' the scrape I wouldn't

over to his chief. "Do you recognize that ho'se coming oveh the point down theh, sah?" The Majah studied the animal's form and motion very attentively for a few seconds, and

eveh saw." "So I thought," said the Kunnel excitedly.

'Can you tell who's riding her?" "It looks a good deal like Critt Gannaway, but I neveh saw Critt sit his ho'se quite that-away. Maybe he's been sick!" The Kunnel was roused to something like his

old activity. He called to Jimson to saddle Dan Boone and bring him out immediately, and when this was done in very short order the Kunnel mounted as quickly as his stiffened limbs would permit, and went galloping down the mountain side to meet the new-comer. The news spread through the camp, and the men ceased their languid card playing with greasy decks and the nearly as languid quoit

After a little while the Kunnel reappeared around the turn in the road riding alongside of tion of his usual grace and power in the saddle

pitching to watch for the arrival.

can eat a square meal with relish." Mrs. Mollie | which I have suffered many years are also much CUTTER, 119 Eleventh St., Covington, O. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by dauggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. Sold by Druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by Q I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

tenance crimson. "Is this yo' command, Kunnel?" he asked at "Yes, sah. It's all I have now. Lieut.-Col.

the weather elements as the inside of a hay- count as well as distressed fo' yo' sake," said I suddenly emptied My lengs, and the whole Gannaway, as he was helped out of the saddle arrangement slipt around My shrunk sides and One end of the cabin was occupied by a big and entered the Kunnel's cabin. "Badly hurt | fell at My feet amid a volley of profanity from fireplace, which ran up into a chimney made of as I am, I've ridden all the way heah to infohm the weary and perplexed packers that seemed sticks built on each other, playhouse fashion, yo' that the Yankees are in possession o' Sour- to turn the very airy blue. But Gannaway mash-rioting in yo' very halls, sah, -with yo' looked at Atkins with a grim smile, and that made by driving a forked stick into the ground | they would give the place a wide berth in the | that those limits had been reached. The strug-

"I doubt the wisdom o' such a movement, sah," said the Kunnel, hopelessly. "Even if I | backbone, and I felt like a woman who had put boards split from the pine logs. A pile of had fo'ce heah sufficient fo' the purpose, it her 35-inch waist inside of a 25-inch corset. would do no good. My home 's now inside the Then the halter of the mule who carried the sought such repose on top as a more or less | Yankee lines, and the enemy have strong gar- ammunition chest was made fast to Me, and risons neah theh. If we made an attack on tism would allow him. In another corner of them and whipt them out, it would only result the room was a similar couch for the Majah, in their coming back with a strongeh fo'ce his place where he would be within reach of "I nevel expected to heah a Southern patriot | men began winding down the mountain side consideh the safety of his property when theh

was a chance to injure the enemy," said Gan-

naway, hotly. "I'm going to strike them

whereveh I can, and hurt them by all the means hand enveloped the Kunnel and the Majah. I can musteh, no matteh what the consequences may be. I hold that any man that stops to had been intended by his superior officers as | consideh his own safety or property at this time sending him to Coventry, and he understood | is no true friend of the South-no patriot, sah." "But, Gannaway," pleaded the Kunnel, who was not yet ready for any one to even suspect in the customary solace of their country-hard | him of lukewarmness, "how can we accomplish we'd have to be strong enough to whip them

befo' we could get to Sourmash.' "My plan is to avoid the main roads and get down his glass and wiped the unbidden tears | in behind the Yankee garrisons. We know the feels ready to suck aiggs and rob the clothes- stunning blow, and get out again befo' they So the debate began, and it ended by the

Kunnel agreeing to Gannaway's doing as he

wished, and placing the whole camp at his dis-The venomous bate which Gannaway felt the Winter wept itself away through dreary | for the men who had overthrown him in bathurts, and he worked with such feverish en-It was the Kunnel's custom to spend much | ergy that by the next evening he had gathered of the time during what lucid intervals of out of the motley crew and from the surroundsunshine we had, on a stump on the point of ing country 75 fairly good men, whom he

occasionally, when he was sure there was no use in the "Mormon war," which, by the way, was never fought. It was intended to be transported on the back of a mule, and fired from there under certain contingencies. This fell under the eye of Capt. Gannaway as he was romaging the camp for arms and equipments. "It's just the thing," he said after a careful inspection. "A piece of artillery will be a great

"I'm going to make yo' artillerist o' this expedition, sah.' "Me?" said Atkins, looking far from pleased at this announcement. "I don't think I can be spared from the camp, sah. Theh's nobody kin | elected and placed properly on the roll by notice to manage the corral and them teamsters but me,

"Well, they'll have to go without managing then for a few days. Put some man in charge that aint able to go with us."

"Captain, I've not done any fightin' fo' so long that I've done clean got my hand out, I assho' you I have. I'm now usedter to managin' teams an' drivers than any other thing. Ef I'd leave this here camp fo' a day, everything would git so tangled up that they never could be straightened out agin.'

"I must admish the beautiful ohden that reigns heah now," said Gandaway; but the "At this distance, sah, that resembles Miss | irony was lost on Atkins, who went on pleading earnestly: "Besides, Captain, I'm really not able to go. I'm all drawed up with the rheumatiz, an' I have faintin' spells that are he may join with a new Post new about to be orlikely to attack me jest when I'm most needed." The dangerous smile that Gannaway were when he was very angry now played about his but before being mustered as a member of the new mouth. "Yallerhammer Atkins, he said in a Post he must have a transfer from the Post to low tone, the significance of which the wagenmaster fully understood, "you'll put that howitzer on the back of that mule theh (indicating Me) and put the ammunition-chests on another stout animal, and you'll take yo' place in ranks without any mo' words, and obey every ohdeh given yo' on the instant. Yo' heah me."

> To those who are inexperienced in such matcomplish the feat. An eminent philosopher has left on record

fare, or beat a mule with the car-hook, was a ment of the cheer with which the men greeted is when the hen is ready. I will add that the Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve and cure?

That Tired Feeling

Which affects nearly every one at this season is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has the peculiar merit of building up and strength. ening the system while it eradicates disease,

"I have been in poor health several years, suffering from indigestion, restlessness in the night, and in the morning I would get up with a very thred feeling. After taking only a part of the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could rest well all night and feel refreshed when I woke up. I must say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all it is recommended to be." MRS. H. D. WINANS, 210 East Mason Street, Jackson, Mich.

Now is the Time

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the popular spring medicine and blood purifier. Because the body is now more susceptible to the beneficial effects of this peculiar medicine than at any other season.

Because the impurities in the blood should be expelled and that tired feeling overcome before the additionally debilitating effects of warm weather are felt.

Because the thousands of people who have tried t pronounce Hood's Sarsaparilla the very best medicine to take in the spring.

Because delays are dangerous. A dellar spent for this peculiar medicine now may prevent lilness which will be expensive and hard to bear. Because, as now is the time when you may de-

rive the greatest good, it is certainly economy to

take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. Do Not be Imposed Upon.

The great and increasing popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla has led some unprincipled men to use it as a bate to draw customers to their stores, and then by unfair representations endeavor to sell other kinds. It is unnecessary for us to caution those who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and know its peculiar merit. But to those who have never taken it we say, Don't be imposed upon. Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla and no other. The men who claim that their preparations are "as good as Hood's," by so doing admit that Hood's is the standard, and possesses peculiar merit which they try in vain to reach.

Immense Amount of Good. "

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, at though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experiened. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to add my recommendation," George A. Page, Watertown, Mass.

New Life and Energy. "Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a very great deal of good. It has built up my general health, given me a regular appetite, and made me full of new life and energy. The sores on my face with better." MARY ATKINSON, Summerfield, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla I, HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

gentleman alongside of the average denizen of him, and surveyed them and the camp with a best time to pack a mule is when the mule is glance that made the Kunnel's mottled coun- ready-and he never is ready. I certainly was not ready to be converted into a vehicle for artillery, and I protested against the whole proceeding with all the strength that three months of semi-starration had left Me. But it was all in vain. Skilfully and his helpers had sweat and tugged until "I'm grievously disappointed on my own ac- they got the ropes and straps socurely knotted.

> gle ended in the howitzer being bound to Me as firmly as if it were an outgrowth of My Jimson was ordered to lead Us in the rear of the column, while Atkins was directed to take Capt. Gannaway, and the long string of horse-

in the direction of Sourmash Place. [To be continued.]

OPINIONS ON GRAND ARMY RULES. BY PAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF R. B. BRATH. [Notice,-Inquiries on Grand Army matters of general interest and proper for publication will be answered in this column by Past Commander-in-Chief Beath. It will be of course understood that such answers are simply personal, or in the way of advice which one comrade may properly give another. Questions requiring official answers must be submitted to the proper authorities.]

STATE TROOPS. G. W. G., Ravenna, Mo., submits a question as to the eligibility to membership in the G.A.R. of State troops who had served six months under the orders of U. S. General officers in the same service as Regular soldiers, but had received no individual

It seems strange that troops who so served should not have received discharges. G. W. G. is recommended to obtain an official decision by application to Department Headquarters. POST CHARTER.

W. H. C. asks if a Post loses its charter by fire and fails to have a duplicate issued, can it legally act as a Post. Will any or all of its acts, after such destruction of its charter, be valid? If its officers during such time collect moneys (of the Post), for which they fail to account, is there any remedy? W. H. C. can very easily test the question by promptly bringing charges against any officers who

have embezzled moneys of the Post, as it is his duty to do if the facts are as he states; The destruction of the charter by fire does not in any degree affect acts of the Post that are in them-

selves legal. PAST POST COMMANDERS. A Past P. C. has been elected Representative to the Pepartment Encampment, of which he is also a member by virtue of his Past Commander's post-

tion. How can the Post Prevent the loss of a vote in the Encampment? The Department Commander must assume that the Post knew what it was doing that it desired J.

Representative and present as Past P. C. to gain a vote for his Post, but the Post must be held to the

consequences of its acts in electing him. J. C. could easily solve the knot by resigning as Representative, and thus allow his successor to be Department Headquarters.

MEMBERS OF DISBANDED POSTS. A Post is disbanded, and after some years two comrades desire to re-enter the Order. One was in good standing, the other in bad standing at the time of the dissolution of their Post. How can

they join? The comrade who was in good standing at the time of the dissolution can receive a transfer from the A. A. G. at Department Headquarters. Sec. 4 Art. IV., Chap. II, R. and R.

The comrade in arrears must pay into the Department freasury the amount he owed the Post, and then receive a transfer card enabling him to join. See Opinion 42, Dec. 19, 1872, or Par. 111e,

Comrade B, states that he is a member of a Post in Ohio, but now resident in Illinois, and asks how ganized in the town where he lives. Comrade B. can sign the application for charter.

which he belongs.

A Gift to Trinity College.

Mr. Junius S. Morgan, the London banker, formerly of Hartford, Conn., has given \$18,000 to Trinity College for athletic purposes. Of this amount \$8,000 will be used to complete the Aktins heard every syllable, and went to fund of \$30,000 for building a gymnasium, work with what might be termed feverish alacthe remaining \$10,000 will be used for the erection of a building for lawn tennis, foot ball ters I will explain, before going any further, and base ball in the inclement season. The that it is one thing to decide to pack a burden | maintenance of the gymnasium is provided for on the back of a mule, and quite another to ac. by a gift of \$10,000 from Robert H. Coleman,

of the class of '78. Why wear out with coughing, at night, when